

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

J. D. BABBAGE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.
Per year, in advance, \$1.50
Six months, .75
Three months, .50

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Five copies, one year, each, \$1.25
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WALLACE GRUBBLE, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1879.

BRIDGE, of Maine, is a humble bee with the sting extracted. All he can do is buzz.

JOE MULHART has gone to his wintering. We had no suspicion that he was a tangle fish.

The Owingville appellate convention, in nominating Hargis, insured a Radical success to Judge Elliott.

"Grass drinks beer." Ah! then the crown he is after that of King Gambrinus, whose kingdom is located in Dutch bellies.

Director, of the Newport Local, pretends that he is being transformed into a female. We'll wager that he is fixing up a joke on Martha.

A MICHIGAN paper calls Representative Barrows, of this State, a fool. That is a flattering high valuation on the fellow's intellect.

A REPUBLICAN exclaims against us of designating Senator Horne an ass. We did nothing of the kind. We have never rated him above a donkey.

Old June Grey Schweisheit is babbling highly spiced stories of her own autumn youth, thus disgracing as the experience of young glass-slivers.

It looks as if the young man who wants to marry the daughter of a rich old cider has a dead sure thing of which he hides himself as a cushion to the girl's father.

EMMETT LOGAN intimates that the Commercial Grove Kentucky story to be found on our fourth page is untrue. It is a true story. This another irrepressible conflict is thrown upon the country.

The Ohio County News thinks that Grant "throttled the Confederate Republic." We always thought that it was the United States courts he throttled, in order to save his Whisky Ring partners from the penitentiary.

MORLEY's (of the Cynthia News) pet name for the Radical Congressmen is "shanks." He probably has examined the acts of the several Radical Congressmen and found that the tail of the varmint is over them all.

COCKING, of New York, is composed of equal parts of vanity and pretension. He is neither a fool nor a wise man. Like the woodpecker, the shrewdest thing about him is his head. If he had a tail he could spread it over them all.

WHENEVER John A. Logan reads a speech from manuscript you find the grammar correct, for he wrote it. But when he speaks off-hand, then the skeleton of Lindy Murray gets its teeth, and the several parts of speech think of holding a mass indignation meeting.

The whole thing lies in a nutshell. Shall we have free, untrammelled elections? and shall we have untrammelled Congress and impartial jury? The Democratic answer, Yes. The Republican answer, No. The first offer us liberty, the other threaten us with slavery. Choose ye between them, O people!

SERIOUS: there men are standing each at the corner of a triangle, and one of them fees at an opposite corner of the triangle. It is possible for his bullet to kill the third man, who occupies an opposite corner of the triangle? A Harrison county jury, the other day, decided that Clay Magee killed Jason Metcalf in exactly that manner.

The Nelson Record degrades itself by stooping to controversy with the Louisville Post. That vile sheet pretends to the same relation to the decent papers of Louisville that the Lafayette street demagogue does to the respectable papers of this city. Its vilification of Dr. Henderson, and abuse of the Frankfort Yeoman, Nelson Record, and Breckenridge News is the highest compliment it can give us all.

The Burlington Hawkeye—and all the other Republican papers, for that matter—call Gen. Chalmers "the butcher of Fort Fisher." When Gen. Forrest was alive, he was the butcher. Should Chalmers die, somebody else will be supplied with this ignominious title. The reason these kind of Republicans fear so well, is that they are made of gun-elastic, and fit one Southern man as well as another. Consequently they are always servicable.

Oh, yes; certainly. "Every Republican Senator and Representative have said they would cheerfully vote for the repeal of the law authorizing the sale of the land at the polls if the Democrats would offer the proposition as an independent measure, instead of as a rider to an appropriation bill." So they did, every man of them, and yet when Senator Bayard, taking them at their word, introduced a separate bill repealing the obnoxious law, every man-jack of them in the Senate promptly and unanimously antagonized his measure. You see, the only way to arrive at the true intention of a Republican Congressman's intention, is to interpret his declaration as you would an Irishman's dream.

TO A GIRL FRIEND.

When Fate writes its decrees in star-words,
Upon the bounding heavens in the mid hour
Of night;—when the stars are all
When the world is dreaming, and birds sleep
In the tree;

When the pinetree's sigh and deep base
Of the sea
Mingle on the night wind in wondrous har-
mony;

I look upon the star-veiled and read the weird
Of fate.
I rest of beaming beauty's lissom form and
laughing eye

I read of radiant heart-dreams, sweetly born
to swiftness;
Of lips meeting in kisses, of hopes that bud
and bloom

Like blossoms of the graveyard to perish
on a tomb;
I read of years on-coming, bringing both joy
and sorrow

I read of the memories of dead and buried
youth.
I read of joys far greater than any you have
known;

Of pleasures purer, sweeter, than any that
have flown
Of a fair home-coming, where Love's away
is supreme

Where life is smooth and tranquil as the cur-
rent of a dream,
With children's merry prattle and a mother's
love serene

And loving hearts for subjects and your
crowned queen.

WALLACE GRUBBLE.

THE WAY TO REMEDY IT.

The complaint of the Covington Commis-
sioners that the small section of the State
known as the Bluegrass region gets all the
prominent offices is only too well justified.

It is a fact that the Bluegrass region, a dis-
tance of only thirty miles separating their
homes; it has the present Governor, the
Secretary of State, the Auditor, the
Treasurer, and the Superintendent of Pub-
lic Instruction. Yet, true as this is, all of
these men of Bluegrassdom were nominated
by a Democratic State Convention—except
the Secretary of State, who holds an appointive
office—composed of delegates from every
portion of the State, whose votes unques-
tionably conferred the nominations upon
them. Therefore it must have been pure
Bluegrass luck that secured these offices, and
their aspirations for position, and we are not
reasonable enough for raising a sectional
ruction with the Bluegrass Nation on that
score.

At the same time, we believe that the
offices could be equally as well secured by
presenting a plan to the Democracy which
would not only bring about this desirable
result, but would have the better effect of
putting a stop to the claims of office-seekers
from the Bluegrass region.

Let the State be divided into three dis-
tricts, the territory west of the Green River
to comprise the first, the territory between
the Green and Kentucky rivers to comprise
the second and the section of the State, Ken-
tucky to comprise the third. Let the State
elect to the first district, one equal portion
let the second district, the second district
let the third district, the third district

Let the Democracy of the first district se-
lect from its ranks the candidate for Gov-
ernor and Register, of the second district
and of the third district those for Treasurer
and Superintendent of Public Instruction.

At the next election, the Governor and
Register, the Treasurer and Superintendent of
Public Instruction, and the Auditor, of the
second district, the Lieutenant-Governor and
Auditor to the third district, and the
Treasurer and Superintendent of Public In-
struction to the first district. By this means
each section would have an equal chance
in the order of rotation named, and no man
could have just and reasonable grounds
of complaint. Each district could make
its nominations in any manner it con-
sidered best, and report the results to the
State Central Committee, whose duty, it
should be to present the ticket nominated
in this manner as the choice of the Demo-
cracy of the State.

Our good friends of the Covington Com-
missioners demand that Kenton county
shall be recognized on the State ticket.
While Kenton contains many gentlemen
who would enter any position on the ticket,
still we do not think that he has as good
cause for complaint as a great many—in
fact, a large majority—of the best Demo-
cratic counties in the State. The present
Governor and Register, and the present
Lieutenant-Governor and Auditor, are from
Kenton, and he left the gubernatorial chair
for a seat in the United States Senate. The
first Lieutenant-Governor, back (Carroll)
was from Kenton, and he is now a member
of Congress. Thus we see that Kenton
county, inside of a dozen years, furnished
as with a Governor, a Lieutenant-Governor,
a United States Senator, and a member of
Congress. That, "think, ought to satisfy
her for the present, particularly since here
is the entire State west and south of Glas-
gow, which has but had the gubernatorial
office since Lazarus Powell's day, and has
one Lieutenant-Governor in twenty-five
years. The Attorney-General is the only State
officer that has gone west of the Green
for many years, and yet western Kentucky
contains as many brilliant, able and com-
petent men as any other portion of the
State.

The Ohio County News is working itself
into a passion with the parties who have
over Southern masses, and most qualify
its assertion that the leaders and inciters of
those masses have never been punished.
It would be as true to say that the
Republican party is the worst and
bloodiest of them all by a gang of
cannibals under the lead of John Hunter,
Colonel Jack Wharton, said. After murder-
ing as many negroes in Tennessee as he
wanted to, he fled to New Orleans and
claimed his election to the Republican
party. As the Tennessee massacre occurred
the nick of time to elect Grant in 1868, that
government, when he assumed the reins of
office, felt called upon to bring Master
Jack to book for his wholesale murder,
which he did, very severely, by confining

on him one of the fastest officers in his
disobedience. Having, thinking that "Warren
had not been sufficiently punished, again
crushed the poor devil into the dust with the
weight of another day's fate. Let not the
New York Times open its pages heart and
say now that not one of the Southern mur-
derers was ever punished.

HARDINSBURG.

There's no fish in the Duck Pond.
Come on, boys, with your independent
candidate. We have a nominee that can
lick him.

Brown Helm, of Union Star, was in town
last Friday.
There's a fishing party off this week, for
a few days' camp at Hardin's.

Mrs. Louisa Gregory, wife of W. H. H.
Gregory, died last Monday, at a quarter
past eleven o'clock, A.M., of consumption.

There are sixteen children on one
street in this place.

One interesting feature is our Literary
Society, as addressed by the members of
the legal fraternity. They are always pre-
sent to say something good. For the bene-
fit of that old maid at Cloverport, we will
say that it is not connected with the Mite
Society. That is a separate meeting, and
doing a good business of its own.

That old maid at Cloverport says, "we
are all intelligent." Truly you are, and we
have you the better of it. As to this thing
of marrying, she says it is too risky. Ay,
that's well said. But we would like to know
how the deuce you know so much about it,
if you never had a chance to take any.

The town is dull since court adjourned.

Rev. W. W. Lambuth, who has been quite
ill, is able to be out again.

Mr. J. D. Boeler, of the firm of Beard &
Boeler, thinks of quitting the mercantile
business, and moving to the country. He
owns one of the best farms in Breckenridge,
upon which he is building a fine residence,
and will remove as soon as it is completed.

BREWELVILLE.

Sunday exercises—pitching horse-shoes
and playing croquet.

Say, you gunners; let the birds light!

Miss Mattie Lewis is visiting friends and
relatives near Brewelville.

Cale, before you take that fair-blond out
riding again, put a few rocks in her side of
the buggy.

That "ham man" is still going out to see
the little dogs. We hope he will get enough
of them soon.

Have said he was going to whip some
one if he found out any thing about the
pup and ham story. So somebody said;
but we have not heard any thing of the
fight as yet.

We out Miss Minnie, Mr. Dennis is
thinking. A little too much of Miss Annie
H—

On Fingert's little he stands,
And with a certain air,
To Frankfort's fair and happy land,
Whither he lives and dines.

He don't want any brains,
And country roads too few;
He'll pocket all the money,
And Broderick county too.

A SERENADE.—A serenade was given to
Mr. Robert Cross, an old citizen of this
county, by his near and intimate friends,
Messrs. Campbell and Dr. James Anderson, Sr.
These two musicians, of local notoriety for
their excellent musical talent and dexterity
in the handling of their several instru-
ments, went to the quiet home of Mr. Cross
on the evening of the 18th of April,
it being his birthday, to celebrate the same
and show their appreciation of the old gen-
tleman. They were accompanied by the
hours of 11 o'clock when the two troupe-
dancers, with their favorite instruments—the
horse-fiddle of Dr. Anderson and the dumb-
bell of Jerry Campbell. The instruments
opened their discord with Will Hay's
"Drummer Boy of Shiloh." They con-
cluded with the parody, "If I can skee-
dale, I am going home home." They were
unsuccessfully received by the host. It was
an old music, but the musicians con-
tinued to leave their instruments until the
weather was more favorable. Mr. Cross
holds them in high esteem.

Yon John John is singing, Yon
That is a certain thing,
You had better go down on Burn's poems,
And keep an eye on Big Spring.

Vive, Vale, Karav.

MT. ZION.

It is now the middle of April, and not a
peach bloom in the neighborhood.

The apple and cherry trees are full of
bloom, and if we have no more frost we ex-
pect an abundant crop.

A great many tobacco plants have been
destroyed in the creek by the late frosts,
and the farmers are sewing their beds over
although it is late.

What is looking well, and if nothing hap-
pens to it we expect a heavy crop, as there
is an unusual large crop on the ground.
We are expecting a good crop in general.
As is usual after a hard winter. Entertain-
ing this idea, we are losing no time, and
hope to be rewarded for our labor in a rich
harvest.

Mr. A. V. Moorhead and lady, formerly
of Big Spring, Meade county, have moved
into our midst, and are repairing in such
a manner as to make an old farm house look
like a new one. Come on, several more
such.

Boas C—, do not slip your milk any
more on the carpet at Mr. S—'s. They
have rats.

John M—, take better hold on the plate
of biscuit, or Mrs. — will have to keep
the girls in the parlor.

We are making an effort to get a post-
office in the neighborhood, midway between
Hardinsburg and McComb's, at Van Hook's,
on the Lafayette road. Success. Then,
Mr. Editor, you may expect several new
subscribers, as several are promised.

It is rumored hereabouts that C. A. S—,
of McComb's, has taken a trip to the office
of the primary election, and has taken a
cold, setting on his appetite, and the doctor
has prescribed two molasses. Oh! doctor,
some more of us have taken cold.

John T—, a basket-herd of coffee;
you have not drunk but at it.

F. FRAIZE.

JAS. MILLER.

SPRING SEASON OF 1879!

THE OLD RELIABLE HOUSE

OF

FRAIZE & MILLER

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

OUR MOTTO:

RELIABLE GOODS AT LIVING PRICES!

STOCK COMPLETE IN EVERY

DEPARTMENT!

RELIABLE

Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,

Fancy Notions and Trimmings.

RELIABLE

Men's and Boys' Clothing and Fur-

nishing Goods, all Styles and Prices.

RELIABLE

Men's and Boy's Hats, Fur Wool,

and Chip. A Large Importation.

RELIABLE

Men's, Women and Children's Custom-

Made Boots and Shoes.

RELIABLE

Java, Cordova, and Rio Coffee, N. O.

Sugars and Molasses.

RELIABLE

Hardware, Glassware, Queensware,

Woodenware, Stoneware, Etc.

GOOD

Bacon and Lard, Flour, Meal and Salt.

FRAIZE & MILLER.

Miss G. T— likes only one scholar.

Bob, can you send one?

We are glad to learn that the Rev. W.

W. Lambuth is rapidly recovering from his

late illness.

A good deal of borrowing around from

meat houses and corn dealers. Don't we wish

we had a calabash and Duck Pond!

Mr. V. Butler was crippled the other day

by a severe fall.

Cousins' Compound Honey of Tar has

been so long and favorably known that it

needs no encomium. For coughs, colds,

and throat, hoarseness, etc., it affords speedy

relief, and is a most palatable and effective

remedy. Honey and tar being two of the

ingredients. The skill of the chemist,

and the knowledge of a physician were

united in its preparation, the result being a

compound which is the favorite remedy in

this severe climate, and has no equal as a

cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchi-

tis, croup, etc. Use Cousins' Honey of Tar.

Price 50 cents. For sale by A. R. Fisher,

Cloverport, and Dr. J. M. Taylor,

Hardinsburg, Ky.

Pocket-Book Lost.

It was the town of R., and Mr. S. had

just concluded some purchases, when he

made the startling discovery that his pocket-

book was lost. While searching his pockets

he found a buckeye, and said—"Gentlemen,

my pocket-book is lost, but there has been

something discovered by Dr. Tabler, of

Nashville, of far greater value. It is the

Buckeye Pocket-Book. Which will cure

Piles in all instances. It is a most

valuable mode of relief, and according to

directions. Try it. Price 50 cents a bottle.

For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, and

Dr. J. M. Taylor, Hardinsburg, Ky.

Cousins' Honey of Tar will relieve se-

vere coughs of long standing, and prove a

blessing to all who suffer with affections of

the throat and lungs, and is confidently

offered the public as the best remedy in the

world. In our rigorous climate where coughs

and colds prevail, this favorite remedy

should have a place in every household.

When the little ones are attacked by croup,

or whooping cough, nothing will afford such

instant relief as Cousins' Honey of Tar.

Price 50 cents. For sale by A. R. Fisher,

Cloverport, and Dr. J. M. Taylor, Hardins-

burg, Ky.

Female Suicide.

Poor, frail woman! said the life

and how terrible the death of the bloody

midnight plunge, the lover's leap, the bloody

dagger, the poison's venom are all brought

into requisition to shorten life. And yet

another mode of self-destruction is more

frequent than all others combined. The father

and mother are guilty, the father

suicide an accident. Females are absolutely

harrying themselves to premature graves by

refusing to eat. Long list of female de-

ceased that constantly afflict them. Some

have become pale, feeble and emaciated,

while others suffer with monthly troubles of

a chronic nature implicating the whole sys-

tem. Young girls have become almost

useless for life and mothers drag a miserable

existence. You can be cured of all this

suffering, and why hesitate? Dr. Drom-

gould's English Female Bitters has cured

thousands and will cure you. It is a pow-

erful permanent tonic and female regulator.

For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky.

Too Much Phlegm.

Yes, many people are killing themselves

with strong medicines. They are making

minutiae drug shops of their stomachs.

Pills, calomel and blue mass are taken in

quantities for constipation, biliousness and

headache. The vital organs become over-

worked and paralyzed by the use of strong

drugs, the designs of nature become frus-

trated and disease is the result. Constipa-

tion cannot be cured by the use of drastic

purges—it may give relief to-day, but

